

Londons Miseric,
THE
Countryes Crueltie:
WITH
GODS MERCIE.


Explained by remarkeable obserua-
tions of each of them, during
this last Visitation.

Written by Richard Milton.



LONDON,
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To his deere and louing Vnkle, Maister
Richard Gough, of the *Citty of*
Hereford Gentleman.

GOOD SIR,

HAuing composed these few lines ensuing, by
way of obseruation of this present Visitation,
being an Eye-witnesse thereof; Doe
humbly present the same to your view: If
there be ought shall giue you content, I haue my desire;
Accept my poore Labors, I pray you, So shall I not
onely thinke it and time well spent, but shall further be
encouraged to imploy the same hereafter, as occasion
shall be offered. So with my prayers to the Al-
mighty for the health and prosperitie of
you and yours, I remaine till death

Your Louing Kinsfeman,

Richard Milton.

to the City of New York

The first of these is the fact that the
 Government has been unable to secure
 the necessary funds to carry out its
 policy of non-interference. This is
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Londons Miserie, The Countreys
Cruelty, with Gods Mercy.

NO farre fetcht Story brought from Forraigne land,
Or such like matters doe I take in hand;
No loue sicke Sonnet, or sweete roundelays,
No Epigrams or such like pleasing toyes;
Nor doe I write the deedes of Martiall men,
That haue bin done the place, time, where and when :
Three This I referre vnto some other men,
To paint and set forth with their fluent pen :
Whilst I with sighing doe most sadly sing,
The searefull iudgements of the Heauenly King,
That in his wrath by his most heauy hand,
Puts to amazement this most sinnefull Land;
A taske too hard for me, whose slender skill,
Is farre vnfit, although Gods knowes my will,
Be very good for matter it befits,
The industrious penning of more curious wits :
My wit is meane, God knowes, I vnderstand
But little, and for mee to take in hand
This worthy worke, I might presume too much
To meddle with; for answer vnto such
Shall so oppose me, this poore simple skill
I here haue showne, is meant by me no ill

In any kind, but onely for to shewe,
 The good affection I of duty owe
 Vnto this City, (where I haue my being)
 Whose great calamities I daily seeing,
 Makes me breake forth, and with a grieued soule,
 Her miserable state for to condole,
 Amongst the rest, should I not be vnkinde?
 As not to shew grieue where such cause I finde
 In th'igheft manner, to a place I loue so,
 As none in earth more dearer, surely no;
 But in this Action wilbe so farre bold,
 Not fearing what I write shalbe controld.

ANd first to thee Lord, doe I humbly bow,
 For pardon for our sinnes, whose angry brow,
 Still Frownes as if no mercy thou wilt haue
 Vpon this City, but will send to Graue
 All the inhabitants within a little space,
 Oh be not angry still, affoord vs grace
 For to repent, and stay thine angry hand,
 For who thy powerfull iudgements can withstand:
 Lord we haue sinned and haue done amisse,
 Wherefore thine anger fiercely kindled is:
 Vpon this City vengeance thou hast pow'r'd,
 And we like sheepe to slaughter are deuour'd:
 Our sinnes forgiue, behold our watrie eyes,
 Our grievous grones, our lamentable cries;
 Long haue we sighed, but thou hast not heard,
 Oft haue we prayed, but thou hast not spar'd,
 As if euen with our prayers thou wer't offended,
 As if thy iudgements neuer would be ended.

Faintnesse possesseth all our vitall parts,
 Our courage failes vs, daunted are our hearts :
 In this extremity, whether shall we flye,
 But vnto thee oh God, prostrate we lye,
 Before thy Throne of grace, and with bleeding wound,
 And sobbing sighes, our miseries we found :
 Do we not know Lord thou didst send thy Sonne,
 To paie a rancome for our deedes mis-done,
 Euen from the Heauens, where thou sits above,
 So deare the life of sinners thou didst loue :
 And when by our transgression, mankind all,
 Were subiect to thy wrath, fast bound and thrall ;
 And we belecue, Lord helpe our vnbeleefe,
 For of the same thou art our stay and chiefe
 Prop and vpholder, we beleue I say,
 For on so sure a ground safe build we may :
 VVhat thou hast promise in thy sacred Word,
 VVhat thou hast vowed, oh most gracious Lord,
 That thou the death of sinners not desirest,
 But rather life to them, for thou requirest,
 That of their sinnefull liues, they would amend,
 And so gaine mercie where they did offend :
 VVith patience therefore we attend thy will,
 Not doubting but thy words thou wilt fulfill.

TIs not vnknowne to many a Forraine Nation,
 The beautie of *London*, and the scituation,
 The strength, the wealth and multitude of men
 It did containe, at such good time as when,
 God was at peace with vs, the Famous Sparkes
 Of sweete inuention, and the learned Clarkes,

VVorthy

VVorthy Diuines and Phisitions store;
 Attournes, Counsellors and pen-men more
 I thinke then need is, there the reuerend Iudges
 Gaue many a sentence, at which ill men grudges,
 For there the Courts of justice haue bin kept,
 Where many a Client hath full sorely wept,
 The cause is knowne to God, what shall I say,
 That to this City in some sort I may
 Express good will, there 'twas the liberall Arts
 Did chieffie flourish, men of excellent parts
 Did there abide, as being the very Spring,
 That to their Studies sweete refresh did bring.
 There liu'd our King, also his noble Peeres,
 To whom the Lord grant life and many yeares,
 Of happineffe on earth, fame and renowe,
 And in the end an euerlasting Crowne
 Of glorie, there his Subiects at commaund,
 In multitude were like vnto the sand,
 That on the Sea shore, Sea men vse to see,
 VVhen waues are past, and waters calmed be:
 The seuerall sorts of Trades-men and of Arts,
 The seuerall merchandize from Forraine parts;
 The multitude of rich and wealthy men,
 I am not able to expresse with pen;
 And though for toure yeares past, it so fell out
 That many Tradef-men here, were in great doubt
 They should haue bin vndone, (for trading fail'd,
 And so long time their hearts were cold and quail'd)
 Yet the late marriage of our Royall King,
 VVe thought a setling to this Realme would bring,
 In such a wise, that now our feare was past,
 And well was he that did hold out till last,

That

That all men so with doings should abound,
 That worke-men for our worke would nere be found,
 Oh God, how of our hopes we are deceiued,
 And of our long expected ioyes bereaued,
 How thou our foolish wisdome sets at nought,
 And euen our selues vnto destruction brought,
 Vaine is the helpe of man, also are vayne
 The imagination of a mortall braine;
 Oh *London, London*, thou didst feele the Rod,
 But neuer rightly lookt vp to thy God
 That strook thee with it, when thou felst the smart,
 Euen at the first, then with a griued heart,
 Thou of thy grievous finnes shouldst haue repented,
 And so Gods angry Iudgements haue preuented:
 This was neglected, and O most vnkinde,
 Gods former benefits imprint in minde
 Thou didst not doe, for assuredly,
 Before thy wickednesse to him did cry
 For heauie vengeance, he was wondrous kinde
 To thee, and thou didst many fauours finde
 From him, we are apt to forget God wor,
 Or if we doe remember, we beare not
 The thankfull minds we should, and therefore we
 Euen for our finnes most iustly plagued be:
 Should we perswade our selues Almighty Ioue,
 This Famous City did more deere Ioue,
 Then others, that his power could not withstand,
 But in the former ages felt his hand:
 Or shall we thinke that shortned is his Arme,
 Or that he will not suffer so much harme
 To come vpon vs as he did to those
 That sinn'd as well as we, O, no repose,

Nor harbor in your hearts so vaine a thought,
 For euen as they were to destruction brought:
 Euen so shall we if we do still offend,
 And do not of our sinfull liues amend,
 For as the Lord is by his mercy knowne,
 To be a gracious God, and he hath shewne
 That in his mercy he doth farre surpasse,
 Which plainely doth appeare, but yet whereas
 Almighty God in mercy doth abound,
 Take this for certaine and a constant ground,
 As on his mercies we may boldly trust,
 So in his Iudgements is he alwayes iust.
 Aye me! I need not long to treat of this,
 How many demonstrations dayly is,
 How many seuerall bells do sadly ring
 The dolefull tune of this most certaine thing,
 In this our present sad disastrous plight,
 Whilst many soules haue bid the world godnight.
 My flesh do tremble, I amazed stand,
 To see the force of Gods Almighty hand,
 My hand do quake, and eke my ioynts do shiuer,
 To see what deadly Arrowes from his Quiuer,
 Are now sent forth to this forsaken Citty,
 Whose very miseries my soule doth pittie.

GO on my muse now, and right sadly tell,
 The dolefull sound that euery Parish bell,
 Within this poore afflicted Cittie make,
 That we may from our sinfull liues awake:
 Our daily sorrowes, and continuall feares,
 Our losse of deere friends, and our daily teares:

That we for them do shed, the sundry moanes,
 Deepe hearted sighings, and the grieuous groanes;
 That many a husband for his tender wife,
 Sends forth for her that is bereau'd of life:
 How many a wife mournes for her Turtle mate,
 That now lyes gasping, stricke by cruell fate
 Of conquering Death, and when thou hast so done,
 Tell how the father grieues for his lost sonne:
 The wofull screeches many a mother mild,
 Bitterly sends forth for her dying child,
 How many a sonne weepes for his louing father,
 (Whose loue so deere was that he would more rather
 Haue dyde himselfe, euen such was his good will,
 But we cannot our owne desires fullfill)
 How many a daughter grieues for her deer mother,
 And many a sister for her louing brother,
 And many a brother for his louing sister,
 That knew not what he lost before he mist her:
 Here weepes the seruant for his louing Maister,
 And grieues that Death is growne so great a waster,
 There sighes the Maister for his louing man,
 For that he is not able, neither can
 Saue his poore seruants life, with weeping eyes
 The carefull mayden for her Mistresse cries:
 The mistresse likewise for her maide doth moane,
 Because so good a seruant's dead and gone.
 Neighbour for neighbor, one friend for another,
 Their loues were such, their griefes they cannot smother,
 The Preacher for his flocke, and they for him,
 We waile and weepe vntill our eyes are dim,
 And then, O Lord, a sad thing for to see,
 Yet dayly such sad spectacles there be,

They that before, so sadly mourned haue,
 By other Friends are shortly brought to graue
 VVith much adoe, for Friends are very few,
 In this their last farewell, their loues to shew.

SVch is the force of Deaths fell conquering hand,
 That none in this world can his power withstand,
 Tis not the power of a mighty King,
 Can serue to free him from Deaths deadly sting,
 Much lesse the title of a Lord or Knight,
 Can keepe their persons from this pale-fac't wight,
 Tis not the wisedome of a learned man,
 No, there is neither Arte nor wisedome can,
 Be forcible enough with Arte or wile,
 Eyther to stay deaths stroke or him beguile:
 Marke it I pray you, how he makes men-reele,
 His Bow is iron sure, and his Arrowes steele:
 How many through his might doe daily-dye,
 How many likewise doe there sprawling lye,
 How many also dead in fields are found,
 And suddainly in streetes do fall to ground,
 Euen as they passe, and then before were well,
 And felt but little paine vntill they fell.

STay gentle death, for I assure you can,
 The parties held an vpright honest man,
 You are about to deale, I tell you more,
 Of wealth he hath a great abundant store,
 And liberally he giueth to the poore
 Of that he hath, the like giuen at his doore,

There's

There's very few that doth, nay, hardly any,
Although there doe in wealth surpasse him many.

I, That is well done, I commend you better,
And for your kindnesse will remaine your debtor,
That miserable, griping, rusty Chuffe,
That alwayes wanted, neuer had enough,
And neuer ear'd how many men were kild,
So he might haue his Coffers stufte and fild,
Ah wretched Carle, I trust that there is none
True hearted wight will weep when thou art gone,
They in thy life time wept, and were not heard,
Now at thy death they rightly may be spar'd.

K Now you what you haue done, y'au'e flaine a woman,
That for her vertuous carriage, I thinke no man
VWill finde the like againe, now good Sir tell,
To take the good away, doe you do well:
Doth there not many an idle Gossip stay?
VWho long before wee'd faine haue had away,
Leaue of for shame, away now get you gone
Goe take the worst sort, leaue the best alone.

L Ord if 'twere so, what would become of me,
That know my selfe to be as bad may be,
For there's not onely one, but thousands more,
That I goe farre behind that went before,
Many a braue Scholler, many a worthy Teacher,
Many a good liuer, many a zealous Preacher,

That liu'd as lights, and were to thee right deare,
 So carefully they walked in thy feare,
 But I alas, haue much abus'd thy will,
 Had not a care, thy hests for to fulfill,
 Haue sinn'd extreemly, and assuredly,
 Had long before this time, deseru'd to dye;
 But yet, O Lord, I see 'tis not thy will,
 Thou spar'st my life, wilt haue me tarry still.
 And now I pray thee, whilst I haue my being,
 Sith that thou hast vouchsaf't to me the seeing,
 (Wretch that I am) of this thy mighty power,
 Grant that hereafter, daily and each houre,
 For that same small time, and the little space
 Of life that thou shalt grant me by thy grace,
 I may redeeme time, which I lewdly spent,
 Bewaile my sinnes, and heartily repent.

Vhen hoary hyems now had chang'd his hue,
 And for that yeare had bid the world a due,
 When trees gan sprout, the grasse and euery thing
 Lookt greene and faire, lambes skipr, the bird; did sing,
 And with their warbling notes in woods did Ring
 Their makers prayse, according to their kinde,
April the moneth was cald, for so I finde,
 (For fore that time there dyed not any store,
 That either had the tokens or plague fore)
 Then did the Lord begin to lay his hand,
 And plainly shewd he'd giue vs vnderstand,
 That he was angry with vs, at the first
 Small quantity there dy'd, Death did not thirst
 As now it doth, a dozen or a score:
 We thought it much, soone after forty more,

Or

Or such like number to the ground were sent,
 But hardly any misse of those that went,
 Time slides away, our glasse doth daily runne,
 And God will finish what he had begunne,
 For shortly after in the Bills are spide,
 About a hundred of the sicknesse dyde:
 And yet at that time, I remember well,
 There's very few of vs could rightly tell,
 Whether the sicknesse were the plague or no,
 So willingly we would haue had it so:
 The Searchers now brought into question be,
 For that poore aged folkes they could not see
 Gods handy-worke, twas thought that they did wrong
 To many people, thus did we prolong
 Our miseries, aduice was taken then
 Of Phisicke Doctors, all held worthy men,
 And such as for their skill did much surpass
 The meaner sort; they told vs, that whereas
 Those that from vs, this sicknesse did deuide,
 Had caught a spotted feuer, and so dyde.

THus the Almighty, though he hath and can,
 Produce strange wonders by the Arte of man,
 Neuerthelesse, when he thinks good, he will
 Confound the wisdom, and the learned skill
 Of mortall Creatures, and vs plainly shew,
 He can send iudgments, that they shall not know
 How to preuent, with all their arte or skill,
If we rebell, and not his will fulfill.

THE Former Searchers now are in hard case,
 They are reprov'd, some forc't to loose their place;
 And now with cheerefull hearts, we doe agree,
 The former doubt, but a mistake might bee;
 Yet still alas, the sicknesse doth increase,
 And therefore of our feares we do not cease:
 Those that they now appoint, are bound with oath,
 Vpon their consciences to tell the troth,
 That neither for reward, or filthy feare,
 Or else for any fauour that they beare
 Vnto the persons that are so infected,
 Should stop their iudgments, now to be expected.

THEir charge receiu'd, away now do they hie,
 And to their businesse do they looke more nigh,
 Daies quickly go, the nights likewise full fast,
 And very sudainly a weeke is past;
 And now we lookt to be resolued well,
 And who but searchers could vs better tell:
 The questions askt, and then they told their mind,
 That certainly the places which they find
 So visited, so farre as they could see,
 No other sicknes then the plague should be.
 The reason now of this afore-said doubt
 (As I haue heard) by experience is found out,
 That as the plague, beginneth with the yeare,
 So do the markes thereof, at first appeare
 Much like the spotted Feuer, as time goes on,
 And yeare vpon his backe, puts age vppon,
 The markes do alter to another hue,
 Leaving the red, and then is turn'd to blew.

WE fluddy now, and often cast about,
 And call to mind, what heretofore fell out;
 Vpon the Death of any Souerainge Prince,
 Or in Successors raigne hath hapned since,
 There's many of vs doe remember yet
 It was so late, we can it not forget,
 When first King *Iames*, came here this Crowne to sway,
 How many by the plague were caught away;
 And now the most of vs perswaded be,
 That such a sicknesse we againe shall see:
 But being come vnto the month of *Iune*,
 It sings to vs a sad and mournfull tune:
 For now we thinke, the sicknesse will not cease,
 Because we find it weekly doth increase,
 Orders are now prescribe, and best inuention
 That we can vse or finde out for preuention,
 The doores of sicke are shut, and Dogs be kild,
 Tis better they should goe, then we be filld
 With noysome smells, a reason some doth tell,
 That brings the sicknesse with vs here to dwell,
 It to auoid, houles and streetes we wash,
 And many a paille of water downe we pass
 Before our doores, the place of those infected,
 We warily auoyd, though we respected
 The visited before their sicknesse came,
 Yet now to see them would redound much blame
 Vnto vs, all the neighbours they would feare vs,
 And hearing it, few of them would come neere vs,
 For so to doe can we tell what may chance
 To vs, or ours, so farre for to aduance,
 Or venture out our selues, them to come neare,
 Pray blame vs not, we iustly may forbear:

Thus did we leare at first, but time growes on,
 That which before we could not build vppon,
 Trinity Terme was for that time put off,
 Causes of suite in Law were driuen off,
 Till longer time, they that came many a mile
 VVith grieve returne, stay heere but little while,
 That hoped to haue seene some happy end
 O! their long Suites, now vainely doe they spend
 Both time and money, London they forsake,
 And many a long and wearie stepp they make,
 Before they come vnto their wisht desire,
 To see the smoake that issues from the fire
 Of their owne Chymneys, and to prevent
 Danger of infection, the Parliament,
 That euer commonly with vs did sit,
 Do now forbear, and thinke it late more fit,
 That kept it should be in some other place:
 The City Oxford it was that had the grace
 Of that assembly: there they time did spend
 No doubtfull carefull, for to make an end
 Of that they had in hand, statutes are acted,
 And in a booke together are compacted
 For publique good; there let them rest a while,
 Whilst we goe forwards in our homelic stile,
 To tell you truely what did come to passe
 To moneth next following which cald Iuly was:
 Each weeke, with longing we desire to see
 VVhither the bills increast or lessened be,
 But where the figures set for hundreds were,
 Now thousands three and more there do appeare,
 By hundreds three, foure score five in number,
 Due time it is for vs to leaue of number:

And

And generally with one voyce and accord,
 We gin to weigh the iudgments of the Lord,
 And seeke to him, our helper and our guide,
 That we of mercie may not be denide
 In this affliction, call to minde our sinne
 VVith humble prayers and fasting we beginne,
 That so we may appease Gods angrie hand,
 (The onely way his iudgements to withstand)
 Wherein assuredlie we did doe well,
 VVe knew the gracious goodnes which befell
 To *Ninie*, and other Cities more,
 Which else had bin destroyd, had't not bin so
 They had repented, this right godly thing
 First was commended by our noble King,
 Thereby he shew'd, that he a Father was
 Vnto this Citie, and what came to passe
 He tooke to heart, alas what better loue,
 Or friend for friendship can we further prooue,
 Then at such times, as we afflicted be,
 That they are moou'd our miseries to see,
 And do their best endeavors, to be brieft,
 Vse all the arte they can for our reliefe.
 In this renowned King, great commendation
 We must ascribe, welfare and preservation
 Of vs and ours was dailie in thy minde,
 As by thy prouident care we did it finde:
 Should we vnthankfull be, it were most vild,
 And we hereafter iustly might be stild
 Vngratefull subiects, likewise know't was he,
 Gaue speciall order that a booke should be
 Read in our Fastes of Prayers, and Psalmes selected
 Fit for the times, so greatly he respected

The safetie of our soules ; another Booke
 By him was fet forth, wherein if you looke,
 Medcines for bodies health did there insert,
 With wary visements, how we should diuert
 Or keepe our selues from causes of Infection,
 VVhat else to do he gaue to vs direction.

BVt well-away, before the moneth is gone,
 How many thousands, left vs here alone,
 And gaue vs leaue to fast, and eke to pray,
 For neither wealth nor Counsell could them stay;
 Both rich and poore, away now doe they hie,
 Both old and young, they care not where they lye,
 In barnes, or hay-cockes, fields, or vnder tree,
 Nor how they fare, to *London* they not see.

L*ondon* that heretofore had such Renowne,
 Is not respected as a common Towne,
 Her glories darkned and her strength decayde,
 And those that trusted in her are afraide
 For to come neere her, *London* that heretofore
 VVhich for the bignesse sure was people more
 Then any City in the world againe,
 Doth say when God is angrie 'tis but vaine
 To trust in multitude, but I call to minde,
 VVhen 't did abound with men, then most vnkinde;
 Fu'l many of vs grudge to haue it so,
 Thinking the cause thereof procur'd vs woe,
 So many of a trade, (thus did we grieue)
 That one man by another could not liue;

Sure God was angrie with vs, now you see
 The Citie of large multitudes are free,
 Where is the doings that should now abound?
 Sure nothing else but wayling is there found,
 For want of those that in the same did dwell,
 And when woe will be done we cannot tell.

BUt shall I leaue our fellow brethren so,
 And not vouchsafe a little for to go,
 To bring them out of towne, at least-wise know,
 The fauour iolly Country men did shew
 To strangers and to kin, but first alas
 You know tis fitting they should haue a passe,
 Whither he be a wiseman or an Ass,
 Vnlesse he meane to lye vpon the grasse:
 The which vnto the Country men they shew;
 Contents whereof doth let all people know,
 That where Almighty God (more is the pittie)
 With sicknesse now had visited the Citie,
 Yet notwithstanding (blest be his high hand,)
 Their dwelling house, amongst the rest doth stand
 Free from infection: nay, some thought it meete,
 To set downe in their writing, all the streete
 Wherein they dwelled (prayd be God) was cleare,
 And therefore as for that, you neede not feare
 To giue them entertainment; this safe kept,
 Made many that at first full sweetly slept
 In wholesome beds, and likewise to fare well,
 But afterwards it otherwise befell:
London they thought all ouer was infected,
 And therefore they no passes now respected,

VV Andring in Fields, some here, somethere do lye,
 And by the way there's many of them die,
 A grieuous spectacle for to behold,
 And causing teares may for to heare it told,
 To see that Christians should be so estrang'd,
 And from their marke Christianitie so rang'd,
 That from another they no loue can haue,
 So farre as to vouchsafe them to their graue,
 But leaue them merciles, eu'n where they die,
 And so expose them to the rauenous eie
 Of Foules and other vermine, verie vnfit,
 And surely shewes small loue, or little wit
 In these our Countrie-men; but I alas,
 Am gone too farre with you, how shall I passe
 From whence I came, you know I am expected;
 And let not *London* be by me neglected,

Fasts are continued, *wensday* is the daie,
 And many of vs I dare boldly say,
 Did carefully obserue them, many moc,
 (I do perswade me) did not keep them so
 As fit they should, 'tis goodly for to see,
 How yet our Churcher filld with people be,
 And with attention do the Preacher heare,
 Although so many durst not venture there,
 For feare of further harme, I neuer heard
 Such zealous Preaching that was still conferr'd
 Vnto the hearers; braue renowned men
 That so encourag'd vs, I would my pen
 Had all the arte that might be to giue praise,
 Vnto your worthy actions; many waies

You

You did declare your selues like Champions stout,
 And were the only men that held vs out,
 From fainting, Physitions they were fled,
 Onely a few amongst the rest, some dead,
 And grieve to speake, but true it is (God wot,)
 Of your owne Coate too many carried not:
 To those that staid then, your gaine double praise,
 For taking paines when *Halcion* were our daies,
 And sticke not now your liues for vs to spend,
 Euen your owne bloods, so that you might but end
 Twixt God and vs the strife, this was your care,
 Thus *Moses* humbly sought the Lord to spare
 Hard hearted Iewes, full often was he heard,
 And I perswade my selfe God hath not bard
 Sweet mercies gave so fast, but one time he
 Or other with our prayers will pleased be:
 Go on therefore, surely of God y'blest,
 And let not the Almighty yet take rest,
 Vntill that by his mercies we do finde
 Gods wrath appease, and he of other minde.
 And next on earth then you shall haue the praise,
 Men, wiues and children, shall with pleasing laies,
 Haue cause to sing your Victories about,
 And say you were their Champions fell and stout,
 That *Jacob* like did wraffle with the Lord,
 And held him fast vntill he did afford
 To hold his hand, and this great sicknesse stay,
 This may be said of you another day.

Although the Sunne shinde bright, the Heauens faire,
 Yet still we thought corrupted was the ayre,

Great

Great cause it was of sicknesse, so we thought,
 And so by learned writers were we taught:
 It to auoide, the best aduice we take,
 To cleere the *Ayre*, great *Bonafiers* we make
 Before our doores, as likewise pans of fire
 Ymixt with pitch, so greatly we desire
 Cause of Infections cease, then thought it meete,
 That euery one at home, or else in streete
 (As they did passe) should to a Nose-gay smell
 Held in their hands, which would do very well:
 Some made of Hempe & Pitch, others thought fit
 To vse some other Sents, which I omit.
 And Franckensence in houses do we burne,
 And vse all other meanes we can to turne
 That into sweete we thought corrupted was,
 Lets leaue off this and tell what came to passe.

ANd now imagine *Iuly* we haue past,
August the Moneth is, wherein we so fast
 Do leaue this world, to seeke another rest,
 Where in one weeke there died at the least
 Fiue thousand soules, two hundreth and fiue,
 They'd make a faire shew to be seene aliue:
 So many thousands in the Country gone,
 And we so few in number left alone,
 And yet so many in one weeke should dye,
 So many courses, that I thinke nere eye
 Did ere behold dayly and howerly passe
 Within this Citty, infinite grieve alas,
 Must needes possesse those that are left aliue,
 And for our safeguard, how do we now strive,

These lines ensuing will directly tell,
Please you peruse them and to marke them well.

THe eighteenth of the month that was the weeke,
Now not so much for humaine helps we seeke,
But ready for Deaths stroake we do prepare,
And for to gaine heauens Crowne is all our care:
Daily we see our Friends and neighbours dye,
And who can say is next, ore he or I:
The shunning now of sicke is not respected,
For who doth know whose house is not infected,
They are not now pent vp, doores are open,
No coy there is with any to be spoken,
But one with other do consort together,
And as for danger few of vs care whether,
The partie we are with be sicke or no,
Onely we aske him whether it be so;
And where the paine proceedes, rising or spot,
And to their beds we go, for we are not
So timerous; but do approach them neere,
And with our best aduise we do them cheere;
And being dead now we such kindnesse haue,
None will refuse to bring them to the graue,
But after Beeres we throng without disdain,
And in our iudgement hold it very vaine,
If we should not our last performance lend
To such a neighbour or to such a Friend,
Discourteous, vnfit and eke faint-hearted,
Thus did we meete and thus we kindly parted.

VVell may I say to many a Country lout
 Of this our Kingdome, where's the valour stout
 Posselt your fearefull hearts? what is the matter
 That so for feare your very teeth do chatter
 VWithin your heads, why do your bones so shiuere?
 As if you neyther had nor heart nor liuer:
 To see a *London* man, oh y'are vndone,
 Venture not neere, but as farre from him runne,
 As Furlongs two containe at least, oh flye,
 His very breath will smell, as farre as eye
 Can ere behold him: are you not a sham'd,
 And in all good mens iudgements to be blam'd:
 I am not ignorant of your churlish dealing,
 The wound that open is, will need long healing
 Of your vnkindnesse shew'd to our poore City:
 Hard hearted men, you should haue had more pittie,
 You thinke vs Cowards, you the worthies are,
 And who but you, for sturdie men of warre:
 How is it now, doe you not plainly see,
London doth yeeld as stout as any he,
 Liues on your clotted grounds, as doe appeare,
 We stand not in such dread, nor do we feare
 The losse of our poore lifes, for in a word,
 Although we in a manner see the sword,
 Of the Almightyes Iustice euer wauing
 Ouere our heads, killing many crauing,
 Yet from the venger do we neuer shrinke,
 No we perswaded be and surely thinke,
 That he is euery where and that he can,
 (And if please him) send to the Country man,
 As great a sicknesse as he hath to vs,
 Thus I perswade my selfe and euen thus

Should

Should you perswaded be and vnderstand,
 That the best meanes for to auoyd God hand,
 Is not to flye, but to approach him neere
 With heartie sorrow, take heed how we we beare
 Our selues hereafter that we not offend,
 Else worser iudgements God to vs. can send
 VWhere ere we be, with you I haue now done :
 Lord with what longing do the people runne,
 To know what number this next weeke haue dyde,
 And now (blest be his name) we haue espyde
 A happy ceasing of his anger past,
 For in this weeke they dyed not so fast:
 Foure thousand, eight hundred, one and forty sell,
 Though a great number, it reioyst vs well
 To see a ceasing, and with thankfull minde,
 VVe gaue Gods thanks for that he was so kinde;
 And by the way now this is to be noted,
 And will be markt by those that are deuoted,
 When we were now euen hurl'd into despaire
 And scarce car'd whether day was foule or faire,
 Such a perplexity were wee driuen in,
 That how the world went we weigh'd not a pin,
 VWhen we were almost weare now with crying,
 And almost past all hope for ought relying
 At the Almightyes hands, loe euen then,
 He gan to shew vnto vs (sinfull men)
 Some tokens, that his anger will not long
 Continue, if so be wee sing the song
 Of true repentance. I remember well
 The Prohibition of our fast daies sell
 This very weeke, the ceasing was before,
 VVe cannot then directly say therefore,

That they were cause so many were infected,
 I hope there's few that are so ill affected
 As so to thinke; did we not meete together,
 And as I sayd before, we car'd not whether
 Daily and hourelly 'bout our worldly ends,
 Some one for one thing, others see their Friends
 Lye visited: sicke with well we mingle;
 Those that are well from sicke we cannot single,
 Yet many of vs were both well and found,
 And I amongst the rest this fauour found
 (Blest be his holy name) no more of this,
 Now in my minde a home-bred story is,
 Of one I knew, a Country-man of mine,
 (Hardly deseruing here to haue a line)
 Who did refraine the Church (so wise was he)
 So did his sonne lest they infect might be:
 VVhat I insert I heard it to be true,
 And I thinke God their iudgment gaue them due,
 Neyther in Church or Church-yard did they dye,
 But in the open Fields there did they lye.

ANd one thing more I thought good to obserue,
 VVhether it obseruation do deserue,
 Or no I pray you iudge, this did I find,
 When we vnto each other were most kind,
 And feared not the visited to see,
 Yet euen at that time I noted we
 Did find a ceasing, which did plainly shew,
 That we vnto the Almighty much did owe
 For his great loue, beyond imagination,
 And farre beyond all humaine expectation:

For fore that time most were of iudgement still,
 The reason why so many there were ill,
 Vvas cause they tooke not heed, nor much respected,
 To keepe themselues from those that were infected;
 The last great sicknesse it did fall out so,
 (As I haue heard) well let vs forwards goe,
 Not that I thinke the sicknesse not infect,
 For many then my iudgement will reiect,
 For to the contrary it doth appeare,
 Therefore i'de wish no mortall wight come neere
 Infected persons to presume too much,
 Vnlesse occasions so great be such,
 As eyther them to helpe or helpe themselues,
 Else should I count them for presuming Elues.

VVearie with toyle and with sad cares oppress,
 Let now my muse from this sad straine take rest,
 Neuerthelesse but for a little while,
 And giue me leaue but onely for to smile
 At worldlings folly, how with care they strue
 To keepe their earthly Carcasses aliue,
 Whilst others pining do desire to dye,
 Respectlesse of their liues, such misery
 They do sustaine, y' wrapt in cruell loue,
 Or else some higher crosses from aboue,
 For recreation I thinke best befit,
 In time of sadnesse to reuiue our wits
 With honest mirth, a story for to tell,
 The best I haue marke then how it besell:
 In *Gloster shiere*, (a parcell of this Land)
 There *Cheltenham* my natiue Towne doth stand,

Many a braue lad hath there beene bred and bore,
 As well in these our times as long before,
 VVho hand to hand in battle would men thrill,
 Ere they from them would suffer any ill:
 Howbeit now the sicknesse (as I heare)
 Haue brought these hardy men into great feare:
 Yet to their kindred still their loue is such,
 To giue them kind reliefe they will not grutch,
 Prouided alwayes that they may be pent,
 In some remoted place whereas the sent
 May not annoy the dwellers of the Towne,
 Else one against another well might frowne:
 Some two miles off the same there stands a hill,
 That if you saw it, surely say you will
 It is a great one, likewise very high,
 Not farre vpon, nor yet not very nigh
 A wood doth stand, *Puckham* is cald by name,
 And there abouts is of great note and fame
 In nutting time, then famous let it be
 A little more, for that we now do see,
 It prooues a shelter to our *London* men,
 VVho there did lurke as Foxes in their den,
 But if they chanc't abroad once for to sterc,
 More dreadfull far then wolves they did appeare
 To friend or foe: if once they doe them spie,
 Their sight more fell then *Basilis* koes eye,
 There lodg'd that hardy Squire Sir *Henry* hight,
 A valiant, doubty and couragious spright,
 There lay that Lady bright, his partner deare,
 That were most brauely brought on horse-back there:
 VVith diuers others men of mickle worth,
 That were resolu'd none of them to come forth,

But round about the wood to roue and range,
 Vntill the Moone had past her full and change:
 This was the order then, but out alas,
 VVhilst we on hills are, there's a *London* Ass
 Or Carrier comes to Towne within bow shot,
 When as the sicknesse raig'n'd exceeding hot,
 His packe he doth vntie, and *London* ware
 Lyes open to be catch't with *Cheltnam* ayre:
 High time it is for safety to prouide,
 More harme then ere aware may them betide,
 The matter knowne some wise men of the Towne,
 Bold affrappeth this foole hardy Clowne,
 With bitter threatates, and with a dire aspect,
 This great presumptuous act they do detect,
 And to him spake thus or to this effect:
 Thou *London* vagrant, bold presumptuous man,
 All words to good for thee that name we can,
 Is this a place for thee for to vntie
 At such a time as this, now verily,
 If streight thou do'st not trusse, and quickly runne
 From this same coast, wee'll shoot thee with a Gun.
 At which hard words forthwith it did appeare,
 How much it deern'd him by the trembling feare.
 Of all his ioynts, for greatly he did quake,
 And seem'd as if his very heart did ake,
 Sighing, quoth he, good sirs be not offended,
 VVhat's done amisse hereafter shall be mended.

Courage braue *London*, heart vnto thee take,
 For euery weeke the sicknesse now doth flake,

VVhat

What shall we alwayes faint, be drooping men
 And thinke that nere good time will come agen,
 Indee'de 'tis true, many our Friends are gone,
 And deare ones too, we cannot choose but moane
 For them a while, Gods hand we cannot stay
 When he doth please to strike, well wish we may,
 Time is for all, a time there is to die,
 And as they are so must be you and I,
 A debt we owe, that is to God a Death,
 Short is our life and soone gone is our breath:
 Here is no resting place, Pilgrims we are
 VWithin this world, vnto a Country farre
 VVe haue to trace, it is to Heauens high,
 To which we cannot come before we die:
 They are in rest no doubt, we still in care,
 Sorrow we taste, but they doe better fare.

Like as in bloody field a battell fought,
 By raging enemies that alwayes fought
 To worke vnto each other harme and skath,
 And nought but death could swage their banefull wrath,
 VWhere many thousands in one battel dye,
 And many groueling on the earth doe lye,
 After a long and weary battel tride,
 So many wounded eke so many dyde,
 Vpon retire they doe their losses count,
 And finde they doe in number much surmount,
 Of this poore Citie such now was the case,
 When time had made so many runne the race
 Of this their mortall liues, the rest behind
 To know the perfect number were inclin'd

Of those that dy'd the feuerall Bills they view,
 And cast them vp to be informed true:
 The better to expresse, cease Verse a while,
 And let vs forwards in another stile.

GEntle Reader, I am not ignorant what great mortality hath beene reported, and verily beleueed to be in *London*, in almost all places of this Kingdome, by reason of this sicknesse; and that they conceiued a farre greater number dyed, then indeed there did; or at least wise not considering, or once imagining, such a multitude of people, men, women and children should bee in one place, or City, thought verily there were hardly any or very few of vs left a liue.

Indeepe the streetes were empty in respect of the large multitudes that formerly before this great sicknesse past too and fro in it; but there was no grasse growing in any streets of note for want of trading as they conceiued; for I perswade me as many people past too and fro in the streetes of the sayd City in the highest of the sicknesse vpon their occasions, as did at any time in the streetes of any other City or great Towne of this Kingdome where the sicknesse was not, (setting Faires and appointed assemblies aside) wherefore we were not all dead. Indeepe if God Almighty had gone on in wrath, as of long time you see he did continue, we should haue all beene ere long consumed. But hee is a God of mercy, and is graciously pleased to leaue some behind; yea very many for a witnesse both of his Iustice and Mercy.

And as in my former similitude, after a battell fought aswell the feuerall armies as the feuerall aduerse Countries, will hearken after and take notice of the losse receiued, although they may be much moued for the same: So I per-

swade my selfe both City and Country in this Kingdome that haue had no certainty of the number that haue dyed in this present visitation, although they wish well to the City, (it being the harbour of many of their kindred and friends, and in a manner the beauty, wealth and strength of this nation:) will desire notwithstanding to be truly informed, and therefore asaying altogether, to make my poore subiect profitable or pleasing, or at least wise not burthen some to all to whose hands it shall happen to come, I haue taken this paines to set downe the number, both in grosse and as they dyed weekly, so may you perceiue the increas and decrease.

There dyed in London and the Liberties thereof.

	Total.	Plague.
From the 23 of December to the 30 of the same	211	0
From the 30 of December to the 6 of Ianuary	220	1
From the 6 of Ianuary to the 13. of the same	196	1
From the 13 of Ianuary to the 20 of the same	240	0
From the 20 to the 27	226	0
From the 27 to the 3 of February	174	3
From the 3 to the 10	204	5
From the 10 to the 17	211	3
From the 17 to the 24	252	1
From the 24 to the 3 of March	207	0
From the 3 to the 10	210	0
From the 10 to the 17	261	4
From the 17 to the 24	226	8
From the 24 to the 31	243	11
From the 31 to the 7 of April	239	10
From the 7 to the 14	256	24
From the 14 to the 21	230	25
From the 21 to the 28	305	26
From the 28 to the 5 of May	292	30
From the 5 to the 12	332	45
From the 12 to the 19	379	71
From the 19 to the 26	401	78
From the 26 to the 2 of Iune	395	69
From the 2 to the 9	434	97
From the 9 to the 16	510	165
From the 16 to the 23	640	239
From the 23 to the 30	942	390

From

	Total.	Plague.
From the 30 to the 7 of July	1223	593
From the 7 to the 14	1741	1004
From the 14 to the 21	2850	1819
From the 21 to the 28	3583	2471
From the 28 to the 4 of August	4517	3659
From the 4 of August to the 11	4855	4115
From the 11 to the 18	5205	4462
From the 18 to the 25	4841	4218
From the 25 to the 1 of September	3897	3342
From the 1 of September to the 8	3157	2550
From the 8 to the 15	2148	1672
From the 15 to the 22	1994	1555
From the 22 to the 29	1256	858
From the 29 to the 6 of October	828	538
From the 6 of October to the 13	815	511
From the 13 to the 20	651	331
From the 20 to the 27	375	134
From the 27 to the 3 of November	357	89
From the 3 of November to the 10	319	92
From the 10 to the 17	274	48
From the 17 to the 24	291	27
From the 24 to the 1 of December	190	15
From the 1 of December to the 8	181	15
From the 8 to the 15 of the same	168	6

Total from the 23 of December 1624. to the 15 of December 1625. 53914. Whereof of the plague, 34417.

The Totall of the last great sicknesse hapning in the beginning of the Raigne of our late Soueraigne Lord King *James* deceased, viz. From the 23. of December 1601. to the 21. of December 1603. there dyed of all diseases in *London* and the Liberties 38244. whereof of the plague 30578. Wherein the greatest number that dyed in one weeke was in *London* and the Liberties, in all 3385. Whereof the plague, 3035. IN Former times this Kingdome and City haue bin likewise visited, as soone after the Conquest of King *William* Duke of *Normandy* there happened a fearefull plague: As likewise in the Raigne of King *Edward* the third; and in the yeare 1562. in which yeare there died of the Pestilence; 20136. also in Anno 1592. in which yeare there dyed in all 25886. whereof the plague in and about *London*, 1503.

Other parts of the world haue likewise felt Gods hand, as you may read in Scripture of *Ierusalem*, &c. Further it is recorded of the City called the grand *Cair* in *Turkey*, once euery seauen yeares there hapneth a vehement Contagion, to the losse of most part of the people there. In *Rome* there haue dyed 2000. a day, and 100000. in a yeare: In *Constantinople* 5000. a day, and 700000. within six months: In the City of *Paris* in *France* 100000. in a yeare, viz. in Anno 1348.

In *Millan*, *Padua* and *Venice* 100000. in each City within two yeares: In *Bohemia* 300000. in the like space: and so likewise in other Cities and Kingdomes, and at severall times hath God shewen his power.

AS one a sleepe of many pleasing toyes
 Oft times doth dreame, and thinks that he enioyes,
 That which indeed he doth not, when he wakes,
 Into his former dumps himselfe betakes;
 So after we such bitter stormes had tasted,
 For want of Trade whilst that the sicknesse lasted,
 Luld with vaine hope, when as we still did see
 The sicknesse cease, that here a Terme should be
 Without all question kept: thus thought we then,
 And for a while we were right ioyfull men,
 Our shops begin to open we prepare,
 And set them out with sundry sorts of ware,
 Although before this time windowes stood bare,
 Open or shut we did not greatly care.
 When newes doth come that sets vs into passion,
 The King proclaimeth by his Proclamation,
 That there no Terme of *Michael* should be kept,
 But where the Proclamation did direct.

¶ Which

VWhich was to *Reading*, good for *Barke* shire men,
 You may coniecture what a plunge we then
 VWere put vnto; how shall our Rent be payd,
 And other needments which we want defrayd:
 Now many a poore soule in the streetes we see,
 For want to beg and craue, which would not be,
 But that the times so hard are, others sham'd,
 (Although their need is great) yet to be nam'd
 A craning begger, much they would endure
 Ere they could brooke to put the same in vre;
 And therefore farre more harder was their case,
 Then those that beg'd and car'd not to be base:
 Tis such a time that many a sigh is fet
 By those we good-men call, yet runne in debt,
 And further also I thinke like to runne,
 Good Lord amend it else we are vndone:
 Albeit 'tis a comfort that we finde
 That King and great men were so well inclin'd,
 Their charitable deedes for to expresse,
 In these our great afflictions to redresse
 The wants of poore men which did so abound
 VWithin this City that no place was found
 VWithout a multitude, and to preuent,
 Meanes was collected, orders there were sent
 By Proclamation, how it should be vsde,
 That so their worthy deedes be not abuse:
 This was commended to the weighty care
 Of *Londons* Gouvernour the worthy Maior;
 Who in the same did shew himselfe vpright,
 Got great applause in all the peoples sight,
 This worthy Act did many others mooue,
 To shew their Charity and Christian loue,

Yea those that had not much themselves would giue
 Of that they had, poore people to relieue
 In these sad times, abroad and at the doore,
 Thus were we moon'd, so far'd it with the poore:
 Examples surely are of wondrous force,
 In such sad times as these to strike remorse
 Into mens hearts, but more when as we see
 Before our eyes the woefull misery
 Of those that want, no doubt most that were here
 And saw these things more liberall farre they were
 Then erst before, and to tell plaine my minde,
 What others write my selfe did daily finde
 Them very free, for wheresoere I was
 At home or broad, giuing there alwayes was
 By one or other, vnto those that cri'd,
 Who hardly of an Almes deed were deni'd
 Of them they askt; foretimes it was not so,
 But many should be ask't that would say no,
 Before that we would see ones wants relieved,
 So hard our hearts were to poore soules y'griued;
 And now to you that in the Country be,
 Heare not the cryes of poore, nor yet doe see
 Their miserable wants, how they haue far'd,
 And how we to our powers haue not spar'd
 Our meanes for to relieue them, if we slacke,
 Let not our slacknesse you hard hearted make
 When you shalbe required, I may say,
 We haue done well, whilst you haue beene away:
 Still neede there is, and like is so to be,
 'Twill be a pleasing thing for vs to see
 You home againe in peace, if much you make
 Of poore afflicted ones for Christ his sake.

L Astly to all Residers of this Land,
 That at this time haue felt the Almightyes hand,
 Or seene the heauy iudgements that haue beene,
 Sith that the cause thereof is onely sinne,
 For which we haue endured many a smart,
 And oft times gone to bed with aking heart;
 Like dreaded children let vs now be wise,
 And haue a care that we doe not despise,
 Or set at light the anger of our God,
 Least he in furie with a greater rod
 In vengeance come vpon vs, warning take
 By this most griuous chastiment, now awake
 And looke about vs, let vs call to minde
 VVhat mightie Cities we in writings finde,
 That heretofore for glorie bare the bell,
 And through the world did far and neere excell,
 The Famous *Niniue*, *Ierusalem*,
Troy, *Carthage*, *Roome* and many more with them,
 Which for their sinnes were wholly ouerthrowne,
 Their standing places hardly to be knowne,
 And in this sad disafter let vs not
 Forget the woefull state, which now God wor
 Renown'd *Iudea* and the Easterne Lands,
 That now lye groaning vnder Turkish bands:
 The famous *Grecia*, many Countries more,
 VVho all one God and Sauour didadore
 That we do now, but going farre astray,
 Haue wrought vnto themselues such sad anoy,
 That grieve it is to tell: Oh that my pen,
 Or all the arte I haue could now mooue men,
 To leaue their euill courtes, and to turne
 Vnto their maker, inwardly to mourne

For what hath bin the cause of this sad woe,
 And gaine the loue of him that now our foe.
 Appeares to be : how haue we wandred wide,
 In vaine excesse of ryot, sinfull pride,
 Where was the loue that with vs should be found,
 And with Gods seruants should to all abound,
 Was it not turn'd to hatred and despite,
 Or such a loue as strayd farre from the right,
 Most filthy fraud, we lould for to deceiue,
 And if we could our neighbours to bereaue
 Of that they had, be't but a good name,
 (If we had none) we enuid at the same,
 Our swearing and blaspheming, hatefull lyes,
 Haue pe'rst the very Heauens and there cries
 For flaming vengeance, and our great oppression
 Haue there bin likewise, and haue made confession
 Before we'd do't our selues, our beastly lust
 And many other sinnes did sticke as rust
 Vpon our sinfull soules, oh now like men
 Lets rouse these dang'rous Adders from their den,
 These haue bin they that haue our sorrows sought,
 And these were they that to destruction brought,
 The other wofull Countries : these are they
 That if we not forsake them will destroy
 Our wofull Land likewise, now let vs weepe
 And drench our eyes in flouds of sorrowes deepe,
 That we so great a God haue not regarded,
 Conclude that we most iustly are rewarded
 For our misdeedes, and let vs from them cease,
 This is the way to make a finall peace
 Twixt God and vs; so let all good men pray
 Amen, Amen with me, God grant we may.



FINIS.

